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What fools these mortals be!

Puck

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SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

LABOR AND BUSINESS MUST STAND TOGETHER, TO PROTECT THEIR INTERESTS AGAINST THEIR COMMON ENEMY.

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A DIALOGUE.

SHE.—I don't just understand this free silver business; what does it mean, anyhow?

HE.—It means, my dear, the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one, which gives uncoined silver the same value the Government sets on coined money—a value about fifty cents per ounce greater than the actual value of silver as a commodity. For instance: Suppose I found a silver nugget; instead of disposing of it for a paltry sixty or sixty-five cents per ounce, I can take it to the mint and get one dollar and sixteen cents in nice, new silver dollars for it.

SHE.—Who pays you this extra fifty cents per ounce?

HE.—The Government.

SHE.—But is n't the Government the people?

HE.—Of course!

SHE (*doubtfully*).—Well, then, if the people pay the man who finds the nugget fifty cents an ounce more than it is worth, what do the people gain?

HE.—They gain the everlasting gratitude of the man who finds the nugget.

SHE (*perplexedly*).—But I don't think that would be a good law.

HE.—Oh! yes, it would,—for the man who found the nugget.



AT LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I tell you what, Silas, when Billy gits started round the country makin' speeches, it 'll be a big thing fer our hotels an' boardin'-houses, here.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Haow so?

FIRST CITIZEN.—I reckon lots uv people 'th weak lungs 'll come out here to live, after they once hear him shoutin'.

A SCORCHER.

PROFESSOR.—Now, Sprockets, give me some account of Atlas.

SPROCKETS.—He was a mythological God with a bicycle stoop, and the originator of the ball bearing.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

TELLER.—I see that Hennepeck has developed into a free-thinker of late.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes; his wife has been away from home for a week.

UNFORTUNATE.

"Won't a great many people be educated during this campaign?"

"No."

"But I thought this was going to be a campaign of education."

"True; but each side insists that the other needs the education."

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

HE.—I don't like dis free silver peezness.

SHE.—Vot apoud id?

HE.—Vell, ven a man fails for feefty cendts on der dollar he 'll only make dvendy-five.



AT CHURCH-TIME.

MRS. OLDTIMER.—Does your husband still think that you are too good for him?

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Yes;—he complains a good deal on Sundays!



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APPLYING HER PRINCIPLES.

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MINNIE.— Oh! I'm superstitious about Friday!
IDA.— Would you decline a proposal on Friday?
MINNIE.— Well—ah!—if it were satisfactory in other respects, I might think it unlucky to decline.

IT LOOKED THAT WAY.

"She had a lively race for a husband."
"I heard she married a run-down nobleman."

NOT SAFE.

SHE.— Do you think a man can serve two masters?

HE.— No; they arrest him for bigamy if he tries it.

THE RISING young lawyer must expect to be frequently sat down upon.

THE FUNNY BOYS, THE TERRORIZED CANINE, AND THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND.

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THE MAN.—Ha, ha, ha! Well, if that is n't good! What will not the rising generation be up to? When I was a boy, we only tied tin-cans to dog's tails; now they tie broomsticks.



THE MAN.— But I must n't let anyone see me laughing. Oh! Ha, ha! ho, ho! This carries me back to my childhood.



THE DOG.— Low bridge!



THE MAN.— !!!!!!!



THE MAN.— Girls are all right; but if I ever am the father of a boy I'll keep him in a straight jacket!

A PREMATURE CLAIM

VISITOR.— Don't you guarantee to refund the money when you don't cure?

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.— Certainly!

VISITOR.— Well, I've been using your remedy for five years and I'm not cured!

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.— Keep right on, my dear sir! If our remedy fails we will refund the money to your executors on presentation of proper proof.

A PROFESSIONAL SUPERSTITION.



"ARE YOU superstitious, Barney?" asked Mr. Cassius Lines, the eminent tragedian, as he tried the experiment of stepping only on every other tie for a way; "are you superstitious, Barney, about the number 13?"

"Well," answered Mr. Barney Stormer, in his rich low-comedy voice, after he had walked along in silence until two telegraph poles had been passed; "I think I may admit, in the strict confidence of our friendship, that I am. Two seasons ago, Cassius, I went out to do leads in the Lottie Weekstand Rep. Co. There were 13 people in the party, including advance and treasurer; we opened on the 13th of the month in a town 13 miles from Kalamazoo, and when we got off the cars there was just \$13.13, all told, in the entire troupe."

When the curtain rose on the opening night there were just 13 people in the audience, and we busted the next day —"

"Horrible! Horrible!!"

"Wait!—listen! I was arrested thirteen minutes past midnight while attempting, for the purpose of deciding a wager, the feat of climbing down the hotel fire-escape with two trunks; the judge gave me 13 days in the county jail, and it was 13 months before I ever saw dear old New York again. Ever since then, in spite of all that I can do, I have been unable to cure myself of the superstition."

"The number was indeed a hoodo," remarked Cassius Lines, in a sympathetic tone, as he stepped courteously from the track to allow the Fast Mail train to pass.

Charles Newton Hood.

AN IMPOSTOR.

CITY EDITOR.—Say, that new exchange reader of ours does not strike me as an experienced newspaper man.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Why not?

CITY EDITOR.—Well, in the first place, his coat is n't shiny; and, in the second place, he is trying to exterminate all the cockroaches.

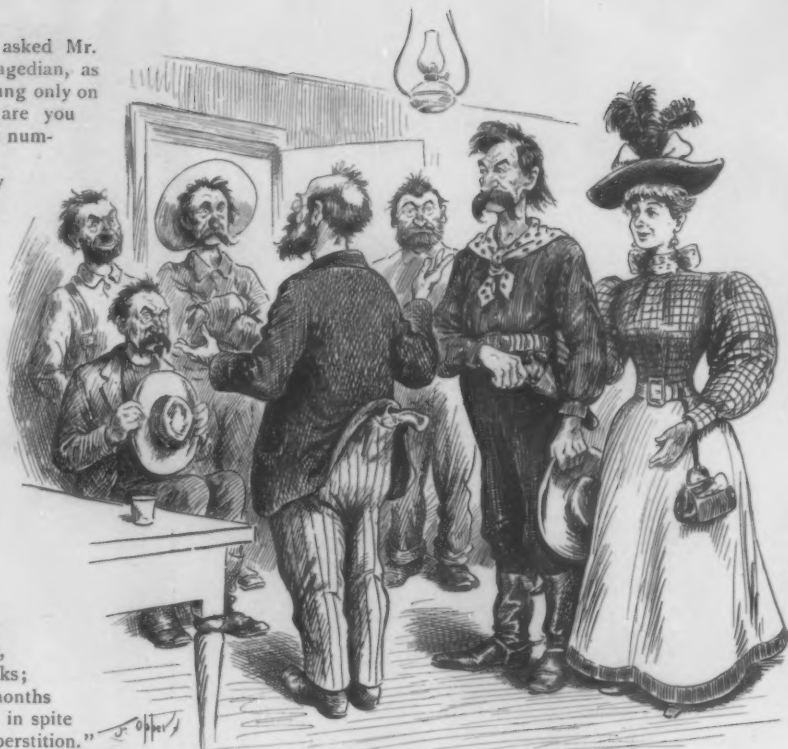


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FIXED.

VISITOR FROM THE CITY (calling on SUBBUBS).—What in the world do you call this, Subbubs?

SUBBUBS.—It's the only way we can enjoy the porch after sundown. The mosquitos are so bad. Come up and put on a suit;—we have them for visitors.



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BITTER CREEK NUPTIALS.

DIVINITY DAN (who has mislaid his wedding ritual and is trying his best to remember the words).—I hev before me Bad Jake of Bitter Creek, an' Snapshot Sue, whom I intends to jine together in th' holy bonds of mattermony. Ef any man present knows of any good reason why this here couple should n't marry,—don't draw your gun, Jake!—let him—er—um—put up, er shet up; an' 'f he puts up, it's purty near a cinch that he 'll forever hold his peace.

GRATITUDE.

IKENSTEIN (who has been saved from drowning at the risk of his rescuer's life).—You haf safed me from a vaterly grafe, mein friendt, und I doan' know how I can effer repay you.

RESCUER.—Oh! I don't want payment for an act of common humanity.

IKENSTEIN.—Vell, dot ish all righdt, den; vor I vas apoudt to say, dot as I did n' know how to repay you dere vas n't no use in my tryin' to do so.

DID ALL HE COULD.

KITTY CLYDE.—Have you matri-culated at college?

CHOLLY RURAH (somewhat dazed).—I don't know; but I spent all the money I had; so I could n't have done anything more if I had wished.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

FRIEND.—The doctor says I'm all run down.

WHEELMAN.—Get a wheel and run other people down.

THE RIGHT MAN.

VISITOR.—I'd like to get you to take the agency for our anti-tobacco preparation. It is warranted to cure the taste for tobacco in every form.

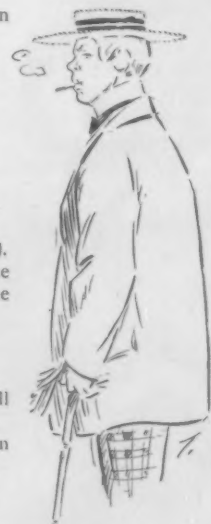
DEALER.—But my business is to sell tobacco in every form. Can't you see this is a cigar store?

VISITOR.—Exactly! You come in contact with the very people who need our specific.

NOT NECESSARY.

SPACELEIGH.—You don't seem to be as much of a Bohemian as you were.

PUSHPEN.—No; I'm working on salary.



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MR. TOWNSEND FLATTE.—I tell you, Ethel, I am going to move out in the suburbs; and then the children will have the nice green grass to play on, instead of being cooped up in these close rooms.



MR. TOWNSEND FLATTE (*having moved to the suburbs*).—If I have to tell you children to keep off that lawn again I'll punish you! How can the grass grow if you trample it down?



RECIPE FOR A HOT DAY.

HERE ARE several ways in which the temperature can be apparently increased and everybody made a trifle more uncomfortable than would otherwise be the case on a Summer day. A few of these ways are here suggested:

When you meet your friends in the morning, do not fail to say: "Gracious! but this is going to be a scorcher!"

Consult the thermometer frequently, announcing the result

in a loud voice.

Be careful to say how many degrees it was hotter than when you looked before.

Explain carefully that it is not so much the heat as the humidity which makes the weather unbearable.

Tell stories about the unparalleled torrid spell in Australia.

Do not omit to ask every person if it is hot enough for him or her. The ancient flavor of this query is warranted to run the heat up at least five degrees, and make the questioner cordially hated.

Mop your brow persistently with a large red silk handkerchief.

Expel your breath at short intervals and exclaim "Phew! is n't it hot!" in an explosive tone.

Decline to go anywhere and to do anything when invited, on the ground that it is too hot to move.

Make frequent announcements to the effect that you are quite baked.

Talk politics.

William Henry Switzer.

SOME PEOPLE are naturally foolish; others fall in love.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

ALETHEA (*blushingly*).—Now, don't, Mr. Dusnap! I know little Ferdinand is watching at the keyhole.

DUSNAP.—Well, let's gratify his curiosity, and then he may go away.

A STRANGER.

INDIGNANT CITIZEN.—Did you ever hear of the man who made a fortune by minding his own business?

REPORTER.—He was n't in my line.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

SHOE CLERK.—What size rubbers do you wear?

UNCLE JOSH.—I dunno.

I guess when you buy rubbers you have to take your choice between ones you can hardly get on at all and ones that'll slip off as soon as you begin to wear 'em.

ON HIS GUARD.

LAWYER.—You have an excellent case, sir.

CLIENT.—But a friend of mine said he had an exactly similar case and you were the lawyer on the other side and you beat him.

LAWYER.—Yes, I remember that; but I will see that no such game is played this time.

IT is an excellent thing to be able to sing well, and the next best thing is to know you can't.

TRYING to be happy is like trying to go to sleep. You will not succeed unless you forget that you are trying.



A WILLING VICTIM.

MRS. FARMER.—Now, tell me why you don't work for a living?

WEARY WILLY (*sighing*).—Ah! lady, you see in me a victim of environment—I don't hev to.

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REASONABLE.

SHE.—There's Miss Van Schuyler; she's a "Daughter of the Revolution."
MR. NESPAH.—Ah!—how vonderfully long-leeft! But, zen, she do look very old!

PULLS AGAINST THE GRAIN — The Scythe.



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A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

OFFICER O'HOGGARTY.—Look at the luck of Mulrooney! Shure, he's been transferred to the mounted police.
FRIEND.—Phwat advantage is that?
OFFICER O'HOGGARTY.—Advantage, is ut? Whin there's throuble see how much quicker he can git out av dhe way dhan a poor devil on fut!

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

"You say," remarked the hitherto prosperous citizen from the interior; "you say that experience is not necessary in your business?"
"Entirely unnecessary," said the gentleman who had advertised for a partner with capital. "It is even undesirable."
He felt that he had said too much; but as the victim manifested no symptoms of common sense, he addressed himself to his task with renewed energy.

AN OPINION.

LAWYER.—I suppose, Doctor, you are ready to testify for our side? You find, of course, that the old gentleman was of perfectly sound mind?
DOCTOR.—Well, I find some traces of post mortem insanity.
LAWYER.—What do you mean by that?
DOCTOR.—It is a form of insanity which is only discoverable after a man has made a will, and it consists in a mania for leaving money to charitable institutions.

IN 1920.

"It is an uncivilized region, is it not?"
"Very. Ten per cent. of the population are unable to read and write, and six per cent. don't ride wheels."



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GOING BY AUTHORITY.

JIM JACKSON.—No, sah—yo' don't ketch dis coon workin' on a rainy day like dis!
SQUIRE HENNER (astounded).—Rainy?
JIM JACKSON.—Wal, dat's wot de almanack says; an' dat's good 'nuff foh me!

AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—What in the world is that?
SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—That is a composite photograph of the men to whom I am engaged.

THE BUNCO MAN'S X RAISE.

"Well, wha' did you bring home from New York?" asked the storekeeper as Mr. Ivi-green passed up the street with his sachel.
"I'll bet you'll wonder when I tell you," was his reply. "I've got a hull dozen o' them X-rays in this here valise. A scientific feller who was hard up sold 'em to me down t' th' depot for ten dollars. Tell th' boys t' come up t' night an' I'll touch off a couple for 'm."

A BABY CARRIAGE — Toddlng.

THE COURSE of true love sometimes runs the young man in debt.

FIRE WORSHIP is supposed to be extinct; yet many a modern's whole religion consists of his belief in hell.





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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A POPULIST DISCOVERY. WE HAVE been awaiting with considerable interest the sequel of a discovery that was announced to the late Populist convention by one of its members. At the time his announcement was made we shared this Populist's indignation at the scant attention shown it; and we shall rejoice with him in the confusion of Populists and all other thinkers when the virtue of his discovery is finally established. This discovery is so peculiarly in line with Populist thought that no one but a Populist could have made it; and it would seem that all Populists must have hailed it with frenzied enthusiasm. Yet, so engrossed were they with silver that this Columbus of his party met only chilling indifference as he unfolded his great secret. But truth will rise, even though it be crushed under the weight of Populistic bigotry; and in declaring that a financial revolution is close at hand we qualify our prophecy only to the extent of admitting that the discovery in question has not yet been fully tested.

It is nothing less than the secret of producing GOLD in unlimited quantities at a trifling expense. It is true that no gold has yet been manufactured under this process. One or two minor details are still an inappreciable degree from perfection. But the Populist who brought the news to his party has no doubt that the invention is practically completed, and we see no reason why his brethren should have denied him encour-

agement and support. It is true that gold bears the stigma of plutocratic approval, and that silver has been declared to be the only possible money of the plain people; but this, after all, is a prejudice founded upon mere sentiment, and it can not endure. Let the great secret in the ripeness of its perfection be given to the world, and let us all become self-made gold-bugs. A man of ordinary industry will be able to turn out a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold a day; even a lazy, shiftless fellow can knock off fifty or sixty thousand dollars without half trying. Will not this be better than toiling for silver dollars that must be dug laboriously from the earth? Can there be any choice between nice, new gold dollars costing a fraction of a cent and silver dollars costing a clear fifty cents? Verily, there shall be no more famine and no more panics, no destitution and no debts. We shall reach at a single bound the summit of prosperity that has hitherto been hidder by dense clouds of toil. There shall be only wealth and easy luxury, for even little children may be taught to make twenty-dollar gold pieces as easily as they now tear out paper dolls. The Millennium is abreast of us, thanks to Populistic ingenuity.

But now comes a horde of sour-faced merchants, bankers, lawyers, farmers and mechanics, and each flings a wet blanket of ample dimensions around this beauteous vision of plenty. "You idiot," says one, qualifying the harsh term in a way that may not be told here; "don't you see that if gold becomes as plentiful as air you won't be able to get anything for it. Suppose every man is able to turn out a hundred thousand dollars a day. Will that diminish the labor required to produce a coat or a pair of shoes, or a plow, or a bushel of wheat? Don't you see that a man could get no more clothing and provisions for a day's labor than he can now?"

We can only say to these pessimists that the kind of Millennium above outlined is a logical extension of the one planned by the two bodies of Populists that lately met at Chicago and St. Louis. If the stamp of the government creates wealth it were better to select a metal more plentiful even than silver. The discovery noted above does not apply to silver, but it promises an unlimited supply of gold. Nothing short of this will satisfy any Populist. Let us be fearlessly logical and not palter with silver in the face of this golden opportunity. And, in case it should be found that this modern alchemist is an impractical dreamer, then let us coin something with which the earth is blessed in greater abundance than either silver or gold. If free silver will benefit us, free pig-iron will be vastly more beneficial, because there is so much more of it. We present the idea to our Western brethren with entire confidence that they will ably attend to its execution. This is no time for half-way measures. If the Government can coin Prosperity, let us have all there is of it.

PEACHES AND CREAM.

PENKLOPE 's a tempting sight —
Her neck and throat are creamy white,
Her lips are sugar-sweet;
Her cheek is soft and peachy pink —
Experienced mosquitos think
She 's nice enough to eat.

F. S. Bailey.

VIOLATING IMPLIED CONTRACTS.

FRIEND. — It is shocking to think of the possibility of the United States going on a silver basis.

HIS LORDSHIP. — Monstrous! — Monstrous! Why, the consequent depreciation of American securities ought to be a good ground for divorce.

HE WAS AT THEIR CONVENTION.

POPULIST (shouting from the platform). — We don't believe in rings —

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE. — No — only in circuses.

THE ROOTER'S PLAINT.

Loud shouts the umpire to "Play ball!"
Before him all should bow;
Yet they obey him not at all,
Because they don't know how!

WHEN WE HAVE FREE SILVER.

SHE. — You may have pedigree, but how can I marry a penniless man?

HE. — I am no longer penniless. Think of my family plate. Why, in a week I can have it coined into dollars.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"What do they mean by parity?"

"Oh! it means that one kind of dollar is just as hard to get as the other."

ONE VIEW.

FIRST CITIZEN. — Think the office is seeking McKinley?

SECOND CITIZEN. — No; it's merely trying to get away from Bryan.



COULD N'T PLACE HIM.

CHICAGO DAUGHTER (coaxingly). — You WILL support Billy Bryan, won't you, Papa?

CHICAGO FATHER (tremulously). — Great Scott! who is he? Have you gone and got married again?

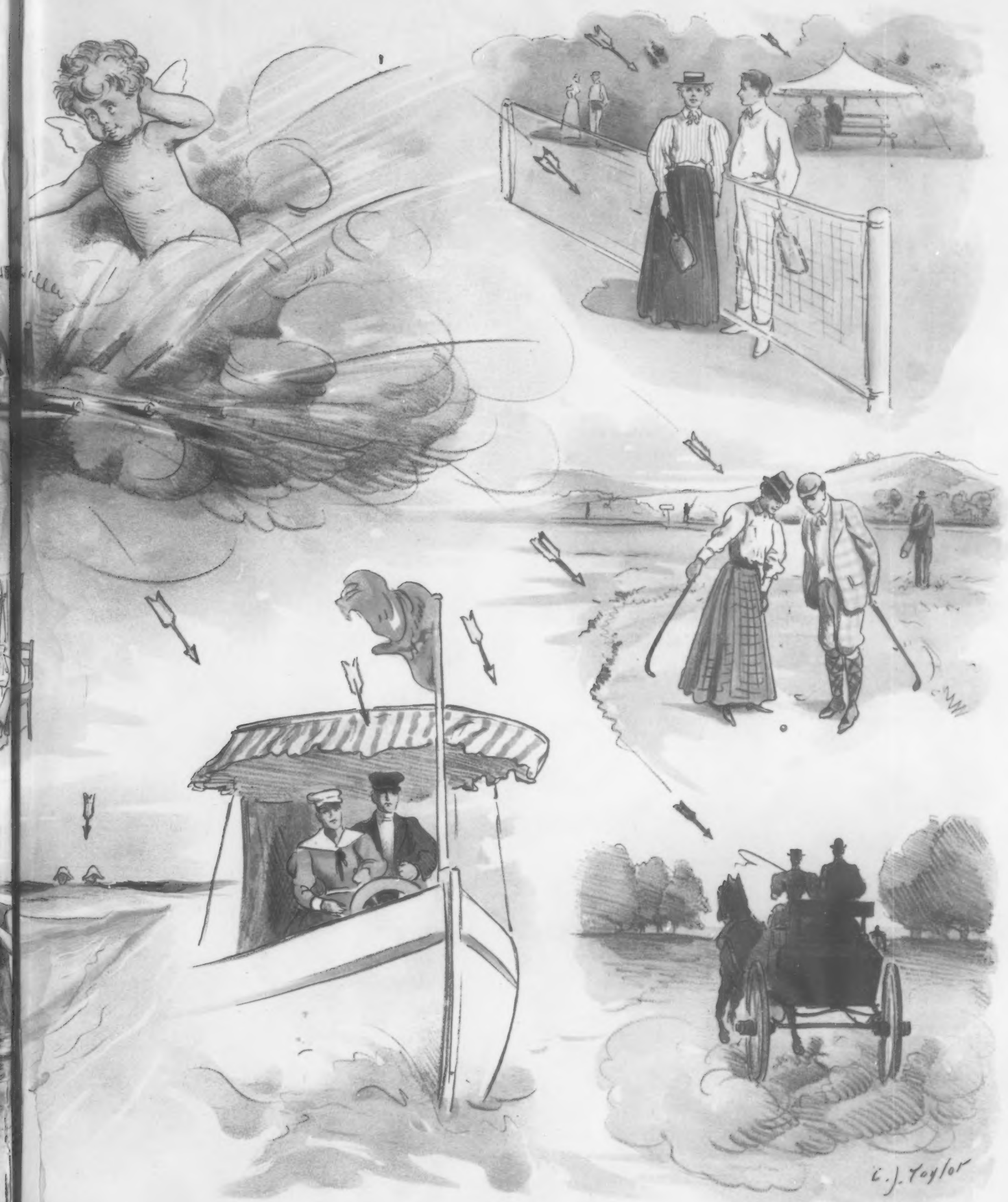


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PUCK'S LABOR-SAVING SUGGESTION FOR

AN ELECTRIC ARROW-SHOOTING BATTERY WOULD BEAT THE OLD-TIME BOW, AND THE HE

UCK.



FOR CUPID'S SUMMER WORK.

HE HEARTS OF FORTY TIMES AS MANY VICTIMS, WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

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SIDE-TRACKING THE COLONEL.



"**H**OW WAS Colonel Handy Polk's speech on free silver at the Debating Society last night?" asked the able editor of the *Hawville Clarion*. "I'll pass!" replied Alkali Ike. "I don't know how it was."

"Why, did n't you hear it?"

"I heard what he got off, but whether it was a free silver speech or a formula for growing hair on bald heads I'll be burjammed if I know! Tell you how it was: You know how Handy is when he once gets to talkin'?"

"Yes; like the wind, he blows where he listeth."

"Eh-yah, that 's about the size of it! Wal, the debate had been goin' on for some time before Handy's turn came, an' he sat thar on the platform, waitin' to settle the whole blamed silver question for good an' all, an' lookin' grand, gloomy an' peculiar, as they say in stories. When his turn arrived, at last, he rose, an', backin' off to the time of Cyrus the Great, made a runnin' shoot an' plunged into his subject."

"He plowed along down toward the present at a scale of about a hundred years to the hour, an' was takin' a fall out of the Crusaders an' beginnin' to look around for Columbus when Polecat Pete thought he seen a few snakes an' began to yell about 'em. This threw Handy out of his bias, an' he slipped back a couple of centuries an' began workin' up towards whur he had left off. Jest as he had got about half way back, two gentlemen began shootin' at each other for reasons best known to themselves, an' this set him back a century or two farther than before."

"When he had got the loss about half made up old man Cusack broke in with the observation that he had come thar to debate on the silver question an' not to listen to the voice of a windmill, forever goin' round an' round an' never gittin' anywhur. He was cursed with an active appetite an' a weak heart, he said, an', as likely as not, before the speaker had arrived in sight of the present century, he, Cusack, would be dead from starvation if heart failure did not mercifully carry him off first."

"An' thus it went on for quite a spell, poor Handy droppin' back an' clawin' up agin, like the frog in the well in the arithmetic, that climbed up seven feet in the night an' fell back nine feet next day. One thing an' another kept settin' the speaker farther an' farther back into dim antickerty, as it were, an' I reckon if it had kept up long enough, he would have gone clear back to Adam's time an' stopped thar, like a bull buttin' against a stone wall, thar bein' no place farther back for him to go to."

"But, directly, old Grizzly Johnson rose an', after sourcastically requestin' the speaker to turn off his breath instead of blowin' it out, proposed that the meetin' adjourn after adoptin', as the subject for debate at the next session, the question: '*Resolved*, That the young woman who carries flowers to a condemned wife-murderer is a bigger fool than the man that forges a note to git money to buy green goods with.'

"The suggestion was unanimously adopted, after which the meetin' broke up, an' we wended our ways to our respective wigwams, feelin' that it had indeed been good to be thar. An' that is all I know about Handy Polk's views on the silver question."

Tom P. Morgan.

A REPORT FROM THE INTERIOR.

EASTERN MAN.—You found the silver craze widespread in the West?

RETURNED TRAVELER.—Yes; in some places it exceeds the bicycle craze.

THE FIN DE SÈCLE FARMER.

FIRST TRAVELER.—That old fellow who was talking to you was a farmer, I suppose?

SECOND TRAVELER.—No; he seems to be a politician who raises corn and hogs.

THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

FIRST ARTIST.—There is a stunning bit of landscape. Look at that cow in the background.

SECOND ARTIST.—Yes; that reminds me—I wonder if there is any place around here where we could get a milk punch?



AN APPROPRIATE NAME.

FARMER HORNBEAK (calling his dog).—Here, Altgeld! Here, Altgeld!

CITY BOARDER.—Good gracious! What a funny name for a dog! Why do you call him Altgeld?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Because the danged cuss is more trouble than he 's worth.



EXPLAINED.

ASKIT.—Did you ever notice how many old maids ride on the merry-go-round? I wonder why?

NOSIT.—Why, they each have a chance to catch rings as they go around.

AN OPINION.

FIRST BURGLAR.—What do yer think of dis new way of identifyin' criminals by measurements?

SECOND BURGLAR.—I guess it sizes a feller up pretty close.

PART OF THE NEED.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What we need is a campaign of education on the currency question.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Yes; and McKinley ought to take some private lessons, too.

CAN'T QUALIFY.

SMYTHE.—If the Populists capture the government, you'll see the Indian and the Goddess of Liberty get off our coins mighty quick.

TOMPKINS.—What for?

SMYTHE.—They can't raise whiskers!

BEFORE THE PRIMARY.

FIRST LOCAL STATESMAN.—I guess the other side has the most voters.

SECOND LOCAL STATESMAN.—Yes; but that ain't sayin' they'll have the most votes.

CONCENTRATED ANIMOSITY.

BROWN.—Poor fellow! He 's nobody's enemy but his own.

SMITH.—Yes; but towards himself he 's a regular jingo.

ONE COMMON GROUND.

HIS FIERCELY waged combat came suddenly to an end. "Have you fellows actually come to an agreement?" asked a by-stander. The silver man and he of the gold standard turned quickly upon him. "You bet we have," they exclaimed with one voice; "we are both positive that the American people never go wrong on any important question, and that they won't on this!"

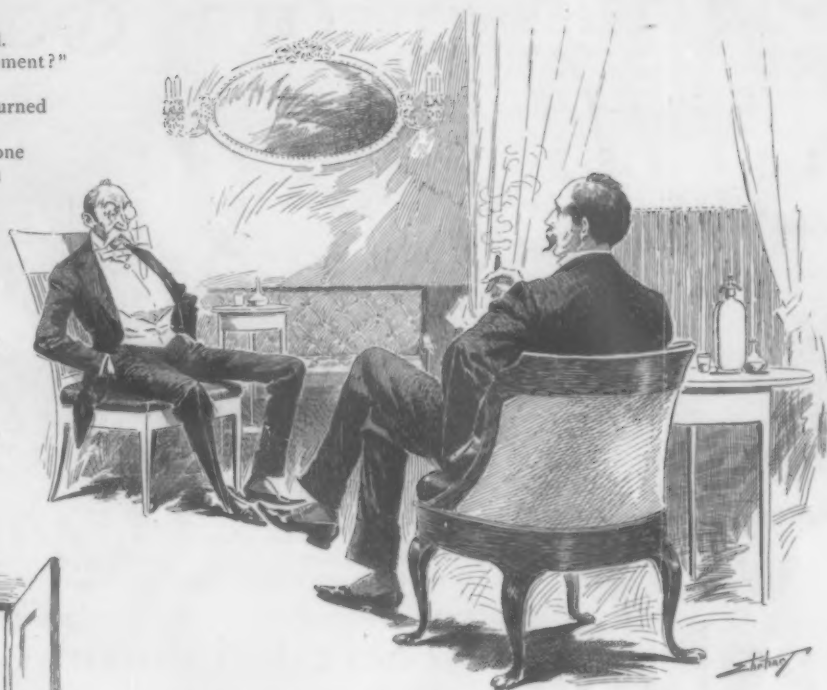
The unfortunate, doubling himself up into a question-mark, walked slowly away.

PLENTY OF CONTACT.

MAUD.—I hear you are coming in contact with a good many more people at the seaside this year.

MARIE.—Yes; I'm riding a wheel this year.

"THE TROUBLE with the Presidential lightning," mused the expirant, "is that it often strikes in the wrong place."



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A COQUETTE.

FRIEND.—She has refused you?

HIS LORDSHIP.—Yes, bah Jove! She's a heartless flirt. After leading me on for six weeks she says she does n't care for a title, anyway.

CUT OUT FOR IT.

TELLER.—I see that Hooks is a candidate for office. It seems to me that he ought to run well.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes, indeed! I saw a newspaper picture of him yesterday that made him look like a scared wolf.



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NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

MRS. BRADY.—Thim do be two noice crayon picters yez hov, Mrs. Daley; but phy do yez hang Mистер Daley's wid sich a hivy rope and your's wid only a piece av twoine?

MRS. DALEY.—Shure, Mrs. Brady—look how much hivier Daley is thon me!

CREDULOUS.

"Yep," said Enoch Flint, lounging comfortably on the porch of the Squam Corners grocery; "when I was over to Russetville I seen a mighty queer critter that they called a calf, for want of a better name. Its mother was a cow, an' it had the body an' legs of a calf, an' the feet, wings an' bill of a goose. On its head it had feathers in the place of hair. In the daytime it blats like a calf, an' at night it honks like a goose."

"Wal, I'll be gol-twised!" ejaculated Jason Squanch. "I must go right home an' tell Mother about that."

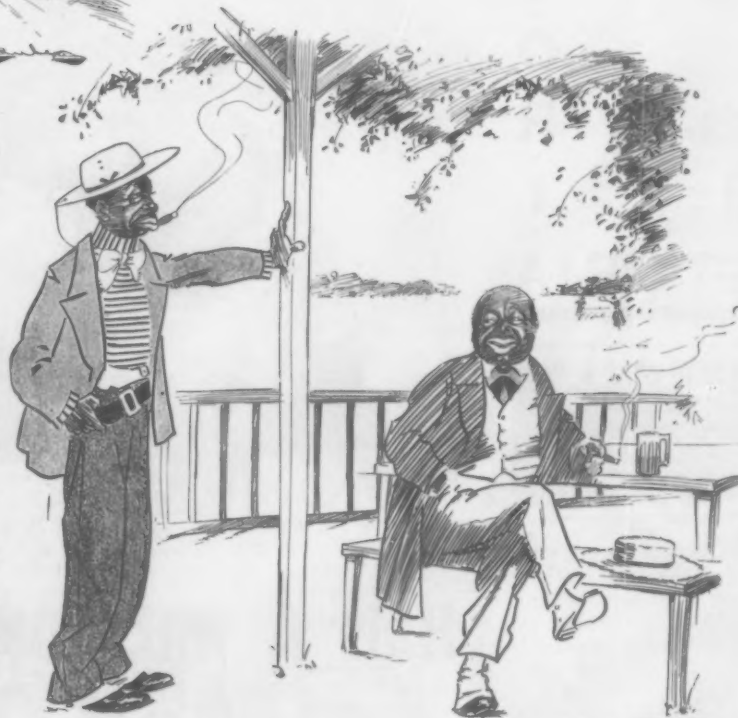
"Now, look here, Mr. Flint," remonstrated the Summer boarder, after Jason had departed; "what under the sun did you mean by telling that fellow such an improbable yarn as that. You did n't expect him to believe it, did you?"

"Of course he believes it!" responded the veracious Enoch, cheerily. "That chap is a Populist an' a spiritualist, an' 'll believe anything."

ALL THEY GET FOR IT.
There are breezes by the seashore
And we need n't think it funny;
They are caused by all the people
Who are blowing in their money.

HIS STANDING.

"I wonder how Candidate Bryan stands with the bicycle vote."
"He ought to stand well. He has wheels in his head."



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EXPENSE UNNECESSARY.

ABE JOHNSON.—I see you doan't take Miss Snoflake to any moah picnics.

JIM JACKSON.—I doan't waste no moah money on her; she's engaged.

ABE JOHNSON.—Who to?

JIM JACKSON.—Me.

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Beeman Chemical Co.
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

"I am on to you," said the man who was learning to ride a bicycle, to the pavement, as he took a header.—*Norristown Herald.*

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WEARY WILLY.—Self-preservation, pard;—dere 'd be 16 tramps den where dere 's 1 tramp now.

HE PAID THE DOLLAR.

An impatient New York gentleman, going to the White Mountains, was seated by the side of the driver. The stage on which he was had just come up behind a rival coach loaded with passengers.
"I say, driver," said the New Yorker, "I will give you a dollar if you will pass that other coach."
"I will do it," said the man, sleepily. Then, addressing the next driver, he said: "Oh! I say, Bill!"
"Wal?"
"There is a man here who says he will give me a dollar if I can pass ye and get ahead of yer coach.—Ef ye will haul out and lemme pass I 'll give ye half."
Bill instantly hauled out, and in a moment the rear coach had about 60 feet advantage of the road. The New York man paid the dollar.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

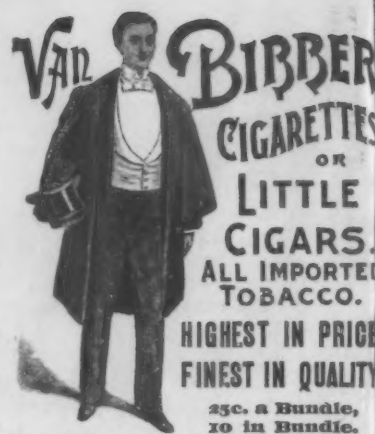
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 "And did you find me, dear?"
 "No. They told me you were at the bargain counter."—*Detroit Free Press.*



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 —*Ram's Horn.*

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 —*Atchison Globe.*

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DOUGHBOY.—He's just become a theatrical manager.—*Roxbury Gazette.*



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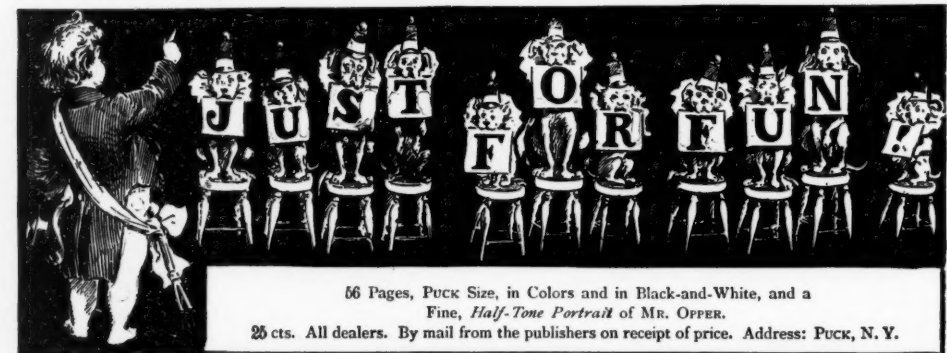
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—*Detroit Free Press.*

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RAZMORE. — I did; I told your office boy.

GADSON. — Do you call that leaving word?

—*Roxbury Gazette*.

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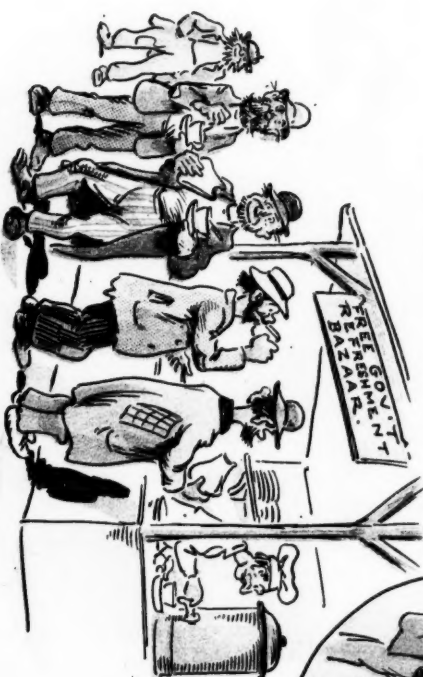
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